A

Funeral POEM

ON THE

DEATH

OF THE

REVEREND

AND

Learned Divine

Mr. *RICHARD BAXTER.*

Written by Mr. *Tutchin.*

LONDON,

Printed for *Richard Baldwin*, near the *Oxford-Arms-Inn* in *Warwick-Lane*,
M DC XCIX.

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
IN MEMORY OF
THEODORE DE JERSEY HARVARD
CLASS OF 1915
May 19, 1926

Funeral POEM

ON THE

DEATH

OF THE

REVEREND

AND

Learned Divine

Mr. RICHARD BAXTER

A

Funeral POEM, &c.

TIS a just Tribute paid, when we rehearſe,
Immortal Worthies in Immortal Verſe;
And mournful Cypreſs to Interments bring,
Whoſe Praiſes Angels write, and Cherubs ſing:
Shou'd we Lament, and Mourners here commence,
'Twou'd break our Numbers, and confound our Sence;
Exceſſive Griefe all Harmony diſturbs,
Diſtracts the Fancy, and the Humour curbs;
'Tis true, his Race he has too quickly run,
He roſe too lately, and he ſett too ſoon:
But Talleſt Cedars in the verdant Grove,
Muſt ſtoop, when ſhook by the vaſt Pow'r above;
How good our Days are, and how long their Date,
Is writ in the Eternal Book of Fate;
The Sands of Life by Heav'ns Decrees do paſs,
Nor dares Pale Death to move and ſhake the Glaſs!
We weep not with the vaſt admiring throng,
But thank the Deity he liv'd ſo long.

B

He was an Offspring from Great *Levi*'s Stem,
Calvin and *Luther* were contain'd in Him;
All Truth's myſterious Paths to him were known,
And all the Virtues, that attend the Gown:
He made the Foes of Truth Submit and Yield,
And baffl'd Error in a Conquer'd Field;
His Paſſions never cou'd his Sence controul,
Nor prompt his Body to diſturb his Soul:
No Great Preferments cou'd his Conſcience bind,
Corrupt his Judgment, or Debauch his Mind;
For Minds reſolv'd on Things above, beſtow
A juſt diſdain on empty Joys below.

Hail Sacred Soul! freed from thoſe Cares below,
And all the anxious Toils we undergo;
From Pain, and Anguiſh, and Ten Thouſand Ills,
The Mortal Body in its Journey feels;
Diſmiſs'd from the vile Tenement of Clay,
Thy Mounting Soul cuts the Imperial Way;
Wing'd like a Cherub through the Æther flyes,
Where Joys are Born, and Humane Frailty Dyes:
There *Baxter* is Eternally Poſſeſt
Of what he Wrote, his *Everlaſting-Reſt*:
With vig'rous Eyes he views his Bleſt Abode,
A Bleeding Saviour, and a Smiling God.
The num'rous throng that their Bleſt God adore,
Large ranks of Saints he thither ſent before;
What though he did of Dangers here partake,
And found a Priſon for his Conſcience ſake,
Like his Great Maſter he the Croſs hath born,
The Wiſemens Envy, and the Wickeds Scorn:
But Scenes of Bliſs, and unpolluted Joy,
All thoughts of paſt Calamities deſtroy.

Some of you Miter'd Heads with Honours Crown'd,
And you whoſe Temples are with Lawrel bound;
Who living are to Biſhopricks prefer'd,
And are when Dead, with Kings and Queens Inter'd,
Where laſting Urns the Sacred Relicks keep,
Whilſt their Dead Worthies moſt profoundly Sleep!
Can your Sepulchral Marble endure the rage
Of Envious Fame, or all-devouring Age?
When Time to ruine ſhall your Statues caſt,
The Name of *Baxter* and his Fame ſhall laſt;
Whilſt Saints are living, and his Volumes read,
They round the Orb his laſting Fame ſhall ſpread:
And if when Dead, Prophets Inſtruction give,
The Name of *Baxter* and his Fame ſhall live.

FINIS.